General Instructions

• Reading time – 10 minutes
• Working time – 2 hours
• Write using black or blue pen

Total marks – 45

Section I  Pages 2–6
15 marks
• Attempt Question 1
• Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II  Page 7
15 marks
• Attempt Question 2
• Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III  Pages 8–10
15 marks
• Attempt ONE question from Questions 3–5
• Allow about 40 minutes for this section
Section I

15 marks
Attempt Question 1
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in the English Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra English Paper 1 Writing Booklets are available.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:
- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of the journey are shaped in and through texts
- describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (15 marks)

Examine Texts one, two and three carefully and then answer the questions on page 6.

Question 1 continues on page 3
J. T. Wilson has had immense success – and media interest – from selling his stories on the street. The busking story-teller is a familiar sight on streets and university campuses in Sydney and other major cities in Australia and New Zealand. Everywhere he goes people chat to him and maybe purchase a story; in return he gathers new material for more stories. Now he is publishing his first book.
Text 2 — Feature Article

Timeless Tact Helps Sustain a Literary Time Traveller

My writing desk is a tavern table that once saw service in an 18th-century inn. When I look up, the waved and bubbled window panes of my study offer a view that has changed very little in the 200 years since the glass was set in place. A small paddock rises gently to an apple orchard.

At this time of year boughs of unfurling oak leaves hide the black slash of electric wires. And that’s helpful; for every morning, after I turn off the urgent chatter of news radio — its breathless headlines and daunting traffic reports — I make my way up to this little room and attempt to leave my own time behind.

For most of 1999 I tried to live in 1666. I wanted to imagine what it was like to be a young woman in a tiny English village of 250 souls in the year bubonic plague struck. My novel is based on what took place in a real village named Eyam in the Pennine mountains.

I stumbled upon Eyam by chance one summer day, hiking with my husband through the picturesque countryside of Derbyshire. Inside the village church a display told of how the villagers had decided to quarantine themselves to arrest the plague’s spread. I found the story moving, but I don’t think I would have tried to write a novel about it if we hadn’t come to live a few years later in a tiny village of 250 souls in the Blue Ridge foothills of Virginia.

You live differently in a small place. I had been a city person all my life: my homes had been in the dense urban tangles of Sydney, New York, Cairo and London. Though each of those cities is very different, I was much the same in all of them. People say cities breed acceptance of diversity, but I didn’t learn that lesson there. It took a village to teach me tolerance and a measure of tact.

If you meet a person who lives near you in a big city and you don’t like her, that’s fine: you can conduct your life so that you never have to speak with that person again. But in a village of 250, you don’t have that luxury. You will see each other, day following day. You will sit side by side at town meetings or at other people’s dinner tables. You’re stuck with each other.

‘It is human nature to imagine . . .’

At first I disliked this. Used to choosing my friends for their like minds and agreeable opinions, I found it hard to be thrust into relationships, but in time I learned that it wasn’t necessary to always speak to someone about the things on which we disagreed. Within a year or two I was surprised that several of the folk I’d disliked on first meeting had somehow turned into valued friends.

Lessons about rage, passion and tolerance made me think of plague-stricken Eyam: how extraordinary it must have been to bring a community to a decision as dramatic as quarantining itself to keep infection within village bounds. And how horrible to find that as a consequence of your sacrifice two out of three of your neighbours were dead within a year. How would any kind of social order, faith or relationships survive?

It is human nature to imagine, to put yourself in another’s shoes. The past may be another country. But the only passport required is empathy.

By Geraldine Brooks
2 July 2001

(Adapted from a feature article from The New York Times.)

Question 1 continues on page 5
This is an extract from the introduction to the book *Another Country*, by the journalist Nicholas Rothwell. This book tells the story of desert journeys and experiences in Northern and Central Australia.

The sketches and portraits collected here were written over the past five years, a time of great transformations in my life, when the deserts of the Centre were like schoolrooms to me, and the horizon seemed the most persuasive home. I am still tempted to hold that belief; and to feel, also, that one cannot write with conviction about a country and a continent if one has not travelled and explored its furthest reaches.

Some of the things I saw and learned in those repeated journeys through the inland and the north are contained in these pieces, many of which were originally published, in slightly different form, in the weekend pages of *The Australian* newspaper.

There is a dream that afflicts the writer and correspondent staring out across uncharted terrain: the dream of total coverage, a kind of dream that one’s words will spread out and relate all the stories, all the nuances of the landscape and every momentary thought and yearning that has ever been felt by those within it.

But there is another way of capturing the country; or being captured by it. It is the way of chance: a life path that is fragmented, spasmodic, full of erasures and forgettings, of mirages and missed encounters: and that can often seem, in remote Australia, the most fitting way to advance, as if the landscape were constantly inviting one on, offering its redemptive silence and the austere grace of its indifference. Indeed, one of the images of Northern and Central Australia that most often comes to me is precisely that of a mosaic, a dance of broken, gleaming fragments: the landscape that varies in its unending, subtle rhythms; the human presences within the country that glint and catch the eye like metallic rooftops shining in the late sun.

I have slowly come to believe that a linear way of thinking and imagining yields scant return in remote Australia, and that more rhythmic, reduplicated mental patterns fit better with the deserts and the tropics, with the savannah and the plains of spinifex. If this idea is true, then the best way of experiencing that world through words might be by the written equivalent of a low-level light aircraft journey, when one is constantly swooping down and coming in to land at unusual airstrips, and the eye stares out at new vistas, and gains a fresh sense of how the chaos of conflicting parts all join together, until they seem to form a rich, coherent fabric – a mesh of interwoven country, spread out beneath the splendour of the sky.

An Extract from ‘Another Country’
by Nicholas Rothwell

– 5 –
In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:

■ demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of the journey are shaped in and through texts
■ describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context

Question 1 (continued)

Text one — Display Poster

(a)  What has J.T. Wilson achieved through his travels?  

(b)  How does the visual image build upon the ideas expressed in the written text of the display poster?  

Text two — Feature Article

(c)  Analyse the writer’s use of contrast in this feature article.

Text three — Nonfiction Prose Extract

(d)  Identify the attitude towards journeys conveyed in, ‘the horizon seemed the most persuasive home’ (lines 3–4).

(e)  Explain what Rothwell comes to realise about his journey.

Texts one, two and three — Display Poster, Feature Article and Nonfiction Prose Extract

(f)  Texts one, two and three offer perspectives on the journeys of these writers. Compare the perspectives offered in TWO of these texts.

End of Question 1
Section II

15 marks
Attempt Question 2
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE English Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra English Paper 1 Writing Booklets are available.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:
■ express understanding of the journey in the context of your studies
■ organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

Question 2 (15 marks)

Select ONE of the following quotations. Use this quotation as a central idea in your own piece of writing that explores the experiences a journey may hold.

(a) ‘Everywhere he goes people chat to him . . .’

OR

(b) ‘The past may be another country. But the only passport required is empathy . . .’

OR

(c) ‘. . . A mosaic, a dance of broken, gleaming fragments . . .’
Section III

15 marks
Attempt ONE question from Questions 3–5
Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question in a SEPARATE English Paper 1 Writing Booklet. Extra English Paper 1 Writing Booklets are available.

In your answer you will be assessed on how well you:
■ demonstrate understanding of the concept of the journey in the context of your study
■ analyse, explain and assess the ways the journey is represented in a variety of texts
■ organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context

Question 3 (15 marks)

Focus — Physical Journeys

Texts may show us that the world of physical journeys involves unexpected detours.

To what extent do the texts you have studied support this idea?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text, ONE text from the stimulus booklet, Journeys, and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

• **Prose Fiction** – Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
• **Drama** – Michael Gow, *Away*
• **Poetry** – Peter Skrzynecki, *Immigrant Chronicle*
  * *Immigrants at Central Station, 1951*
  * *Feliks Skrzynecki*
  * *Crossing the Red Sea*
  * *Leaving home*
  * *Migrant hostel*
  * *A drive in the country*
  * *Post card*
• **Nonfiction** – Jesse Martin, *Lionheart*
• **Film** – Phillip Noyce, *Rabbit-Proof Fence*

OR
Question 4 (15 marks)

Focus — Imaginative Journeys

Texts may show us that the world of imaginative journeys involves unexpected destinations.

To what extent do the texts you have studied support this idea?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text, ONE text from the stimulus booklet, Journeys, and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction**  – Orson Scott Card, Ender's Game
- **Drama**  – William Shakespeare, The Tempest
- **Poetry**  – Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Samuel Taylor Coleridge: The Complete Poems
  * The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (1834)
  * This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison
  * Frost at Midnight
  * Kubla Khan
- **Nonfiction**  – Melvyn Bragg, On Giants’ Shoulders
- **Film**  – Robert Zemeckis, Contact

OR
Question 5 (15 marks)

Focus — Inner Journeys

Texts may show us that the world of inner journeys involves unexpected encounters.

To what extent do the texts you have studied support this idea?

In your response, refer to your prescribed text, ONE text from the stimulus booklet, Journeys, and at least ONE other related text of your own choosing.

The prescribed texts are:

- **Prose Fiction** — J. G. Ballard, Empire of the Sun
- **Drama** — Louis Nowra, Cosi
- **Poetry** — Ken Watson (ed.), At the Round Earth’s Imagined Corners
  * Sujata Bhatt, The One Who Goes Away
  * Ivan Lalić, Of Eurydice
  * Gwyneth Lewis, Fax X
  * Mudrooroo, A Righteous Day
  * János Pilinszky, The French Prisoner
  * Vittorio Sereni, A Dream
  * Xuan Quynh, Worried Over the Days Past
- **Nonfiction** — Sally Morgan, My Place
- **Film** — Roberto Benigni, Life is Beautiful

End of paper